

# CALLANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VT., MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1872.

NO. 3.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**CUTLER & GOSN.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs.  
Greenboro, Vt.

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MILLINERY DRESS MAKING and pattern rooms.  
Barton, Vermont.

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PAINTER. Painting, Glazing, Graining, White-  
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the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saw filed  
and set to order.

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neatness and dispatch. Peddlers wanted. Look  
at our assortment of Sugar Tubs before purchasing  
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ATTORNEYS AND Counselors at Law, Barton, Vt.  
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BALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the  
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.  
Store over A. & J. L. Twombly's.

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WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Corn,  
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West India Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese.  
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Groceries, Lime, Plaster, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron,  
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Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Barton, Vt.

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Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Prompt attention given to collections.  
Greenboro, Vt.

**J. M. CURRIAN.**  
BARTER AND HAIL DRESSER.  
Barton, Vermont.

**WANTED.**  
300,000 feet of white Spruce Lumber, cut 13  
feet long, 11 1/4 inches thick, without regard to width,  
and 100,000 feet of Hard Wood Lumber, same length  
and one inch thick. Also a quantity of Basswood, by  
C. H. DWINELL.  
Inquire in all kinds of Hard and Soft Wood Lumber.  
Office in Skinner & Drew's building, Barton, Vt.  
Barton, January 4, 1872.

## SIGNS.

## SIGNS.

## L. R. WOOD, JR.,

would say to merchants and all who need signs, that  
he can do the thing for them

As well as can be done in the City.

## AT COUNTRY PRICES

Take down that rusty old sign and have a splendid  
new one.

## HAD YOU THOUGHT OF IT?

As I intended to paint signs this winter only, pass in  
your orders now.  
Barton, Vt., Jan. 4, 1872.

## CLOSING OUT.

## GOODS AT COST.

My stock of goods are almost  
ENTIRELY NEW

## BOUGHT FOR CASH

At the time when goods were the lowest that they have  
been for years and must all be sold by the first day of  
March next, without fail.

## SOME AND BUY GOODS AT YOUR

OWN PRICE ALMOST.

## STORE, DWELLING HOUSE

## BARN FOR SALE.

Also a Blacksmith shop. Terms of payment easy.  
E. O. HANDALL.  
West Glover, Vt., January 4, 1872.

## MARY A. SKINNER'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT.  
In Probate Court, held at Ensbrough, in said district,  
on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1872.

Denny Cutler, administrator of the estate of Mary A.  
Cutler, late of Barton, in said district, deceased, presents  
his administration account for examination and  
allowance, and makes application for a decree of dis-  
charge and partition of the estate of said deceased.

Whereupon, it is ordered by said court, that said ac-  
count and said application be referred to a session  
held to be held at the Probate office in said Ensbrough,  
on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1872, for hear-  
ing and decision thereon.

And it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given  
by publication in the Monitor, a newspaper published  
at Barton, previous to said time appointed for  
hearing, that they may appear at said time and  
show cause, if they may have, why said account  
should not be allowed, and such decree made.  
By the court—Attest,  
L. S. THOMPSON, Register.

## GET THE BEST.

BUTTS ARGENTINE HAIR DYE, long and favor-  
ably known to the public, cures itching and un-  
natural hair, restores natural color, and is the best  
in the world. It colors hair or whiskers brown or black in  
the most natural manner, and gives them a perfectly natural ap-  
pearance, and is unexcelled in any hair dye. Sold in  
regular packages, with brush and sponge complete,  
only 50 Cts. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Sold by all  
druggists.

## THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound  
As he treads over the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
For the spring-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks, at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he strikes his feeble head,  
And it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marble rests,  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carried for many a year  
On the tomb.

My old grandmother has said—  
Poor old lady she is dead  
Long ago,  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And he looks upon his chin,  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And he stumbles as he walks,  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,  
But I don't feel three corners hot,  
And the breeches, and all that  
Are so queer.

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf on the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

## AN IMPROVEMENT.

Some years since,  
Dr. Jewett, while traveling in the Province  
of New Brunswick, had his attention  
directed by a fellow passenger to a  
curious sight over the door of a liquor  
shop. A rude painting of a bee hive  
occupied a portion of it, and the follow-  
ing verse the remainder:

"Within this hive we're all alive—  
Good liquor makes us merry;  
As you pass by, he'll be in and try  
The flavor of our honey."

The doctor proposed the following  
change, substituting for bee hive the  
picture of a plucked pigeon, or a musk-  
rat skinned, with the following verse:

"We're liquors here of every kind,  
And sell them cheap, as you shall find.  
They'll make you feel quite funny;  
Perhaps they'll even put you on the floor;  
If so, we'll kick you out of door,  
After we've got your money."

## A STORY ON STORIES.

It is said that  
the first person whom Lydia Thompson  
thought of in connection with the great  
Chicago fire, after she heard of that ca-  
strophe, was Wilbur F. Storey, catas-  
trophe of the Times, whom she cowdied a  
couple of years ago, and it is furthermore  
related that her generous and forgiving  
heart moved her to send him an old worn  
out pair of "tights," accompanied by the  
following letter:

MY DEAR WILBUR: Chicago's Storey  
is one of misfortune! As you can do a  
smaller thing than any other person I  
ever saw, I send this pair of tights for  
your use. If the material in them will  
not make you a full suit, you have grown  
wonderfully since last we met.

Tearfully, your friend,  
LYDIA THOMPSON.

And yet—according to a Times report—  
Storey was not happy

## THE PRESIDENT'S KINDNESS.

President Grant recently attended the En-  
glish Opera, at Washington, accompanied  
by some friends and his daughter Nelly.  
Unfortunately for the last named, who  
seems to have a love of music, one of the  
crowd started "horse talk." That always  
wakens up the Administration, and he  
set off on a canter in that direction. At  
last his daughter, putting her hand on  
his shoulder, said: "Pa, Parepa Rosa is  
going to sing." The paternal adminis-  
trator paid no attention to this, but went  
on with the talk. The little girl again  
interrupted him—"I say, pa, Parepa  
Rosa is going to sing." "Well, well,  
my child, let her sing—it won't annoy  
me."

## When Isaac Hopper, a member of the

Society of Friends, met a boy with a  
dirty face or hands, he would stop him  
and inquire if he had ever studied chem-  
istry. The boy, with a wondering stare,  
would answer, "No." Well, then, I will  
teach thee how to perform a curious  
chemical experiment," said Friend Hop-  
per. "Go home, take a piece of soap,  
put it in water, and rub it briskly on  
thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea  
what a beautiful froth it will make, and  
how much whiter thy skin will be. That's  
a chemical experiment. I advise thee  
to try it."

## A DANGEROUS GHOST.

A letter from  
Oswley County, Ky., tells the follow-  
ing queer story of a rattlesnake; I  
went to my upper farm to see my  
tenant, and found him preparing to  
move. On inquiring the cause, he  
told me the house was haunted—some  
person swept it every night. He  
moved out and I moved in—in order  
to dislodge the ghost if possible. The  
third night, about midnight, the sweep-  
ing commenced. I arose from my  
bed as quick as I could to get a light,  
and while I was getting a light the  
cat was whipped pretty quick. I ran  
in with a light, and there my eyes  
met a sight that made my blood run  
cold in my veins—the largest kind of  
a rattlesnake in his coil, twisting and  
rattling at a fearful rate. He had six-  
teen rattles and one button.

## General Benjamin Harrison,

a grandson of old "Tippecanoe and Ty-  
ler too," is a prominent candidate of  
the Republican party for Governor of  
Indiana.

## IDLE HANDS.

Mr. Thornton returned home at his  
usual mid-day hour, and as he passed by  
the parlor door, he saw his daughter, a  
young lady of nineteen, lounging on the  
sofa with a book in her hand. The whirr  
of his wife's sewing machine struck on  
his ear at the same moment. Without  
pausing at the parlor door, he kept on to  
the room from which came the sound of  
industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the en-  
trance of her husband. She was bending  
close down over her work, and the noise  
of her machine was louder than his foot-  
steps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood  
looking at her for some time without  
speaking.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the tired wo-  
man, letting her foot rest upon the tread-  
le, and straightening herself up, "this  
pain in my side is almost beyond endur-  
ance."

"Then why do you sit killing yourself  
there?" said Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually  
sober.

"What's the matter? Why do you look  
so serious?" asked his wife. "Has any-  
thing gone wrong?" Mrs. Thornton's  
countenance grew slightly troubled.

Things had gone wrong in her husband's  
business more than once, and she had  
learned the occurrence of disaster.

"Things are wrong all the time," he  
replied, in some impatience of manner,  
"in your business?" Mrs. Thornton  
spoke a little faintly.

"No, nothing especially out of the way  
there, but it's all wrong at home."

"I don't understand you, Harvey—  
what is wrong at home, pray?"

"Wrong for you to sit in pain and ex-  
haustion over that sewing machine, while  
an idle daughter lounges over a novel in  
the parlor. That's what I wish to say."

"It isn't Effie's fault. She often asks  
to help me. But I can't see the child put  
down to household drudgery. Her time  
will come soon enough. Let her have a  
little ease and comfort while she may."

"If we said that to our sons," replied  
Mr. Thornton, "and acted on the word,  
what efficient men they would make for  
life's trials and duties!"

"You are wrong in this thing—all  
wrong," continued the husband. "And  
if Effie is a right-minded girl, she will  
have more real enjoyment in the con-  
sciousness that she is lightening her  
mother's burdens than it is possible to  
obtain from the finest novel ever written.

Excitement for the imagination is no sub-  
stitute for that deep peace of mind that  
ever accompanies and succeeds the right  
discharge of daily duties. It is a poor  
compliment to Effie's moral sense to sup-  
pose that she can be content to sit with  
idle hands, or to employ them in light  
frivolities, while her mother is worn down  
with toil beyond her strength. Hester,  
it must not be!"

"And it shall not be!" said a quick,  
firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and  
turned to the speaker, who had entered  
the room unobserved, and been a listener  
to nearly all the conversation we have  
recorded.

"It shall not be!" And Effie came and  
stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was  
crimson; her eyes flooded with tears,  
through which light was flashing; her  
form drawn up erectly; her manner res-  
olute.

"It isn't all my fault," she said, as she  
laid her hand on her father's arm. "I've  
asked mother a great many times to let  
me help her, but she always puts me off,  
and says it's easier to do a thing herself  
than to show another. Maybe I am a  
little dull—but every one has to learn,  
you know. Mother didn't get her hand  
in fairly with that sewing machine for  
two or three weeks; I am certain it  
wouldn't take me any longer. If she'd  
only teach me how to use it, I could help  
her a great deal. And, indeed, father, I  
am willing."

"Spoken in the right spirit, my daugh-  
ter," said Mr. Thornton, approvingly.  
"Girls should be as usefully employed as  
boys, and in the very things most likely  
to be required of them when they become  
women in the responsible position of wives  
and mothers. Depend upon it, Effie, an  
idle girlhood is not the way to a cheerful  
womanhood. Learn and do, now, the  
things that will be required of you in af-  
ter years, and then you will have an ac-  
quired facility. Habit and skill will  
make easy what might come hard, and  
be felt as very burdensome."

"And you would have her abandon all  
self-improvement," said Mrs. Thornton.  
"Give up music, reading, society?"

"There are," said Mr. Thornton, as his  
wife paused for another word, "some fif-  
teen or sixteen hours of each day, in  
which mind or hands should be right-  
ly employed. Now, let us see how Effie is  
spending these long and ever recurring  
periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit  
down; we have this subject fairly before  
us. It is one of great importance to you,  
and should be well considered. How is  
it in regard to the employment of your  
time? Take yesterday, for instance.

The records of the work of a day will  
help us to get toward the result after  
which we are now searching."

Effie sat down, and Mr. Thornton drew

## a chair in front of his wife and daugh-

ter.

"Take yesterday, for instance," said  
the father, "how was it spent? you rose  
at seven, I think?"

"Yes, sir; I came down just as the  
breakfast bell was rung," replied Effie.

"And your mother was up at half-past  
five, I know, and complained of feeling  
so weak that she could hardly dress her-  
self. But, for all this, she was at work  
until breakfast time. Now, if you had  
risen at six, and shared your mother's  
work until seven, you would have taken  
an hour from her day's burdens, and cer-  
tainly lost nothing from your music, self-  
improvement or social intercourse. How  
was it after breakfast? How was the  
morning spent?"

"I practiced an hour on the piano after  
breakfast."

"So far so good. What then?"

"I read the 'Cavalier' till eleven  
o'clock."

Mr. Thornton shook his head, and  
asked: "After eleven, how was the time  
spent?"

"I dressed myself, and went out a little  
after twelve o'clock."

"An hour spent in dressing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you go?"

"I called on Helen Boyd, and we took  
a walk down Broadway."

"And came home just in time for din-  
ner? I think I met you at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was it after dinner?"

"I slept from three until five, and then  
took a bath and dressed myself. From  
six until tea-time I sat at the parlor win-  
dow."

"And after tea?"

"Read the 'Cavalier' until I went to  
bed."

"At what hour?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Now we can make up the account,"  
said Mr. Thornton. "You rose at seven  
and retired at eleven—sixteen hours.  
And from your own account of the day,  
but a single hour was spent in anything  
useful—that was the hour at the piano.

Now, your mother was up at half-past  
five, and went to bed, from her sheer in-  
ability to sit at her work any longer, at  
half-past nine. Sixteen hours for her  
also. How much reading did you do in  
that time?"

And Mr. Thornton looked at his wife.

"Don't talk to me of reading! I've no  
time to read," Mrs. Thornton answered  
a little impatiently. The contrast of her  
daughter's idle hours with her own life  
of exhausting toil, did not affect her mind  
very pleasantly.

"And yet," said Mr. Thornton, "you  
were always fond of reading, and I can  
remember when no day went by without  
an hour or two passed with your books.  
Did you lie down after dinner?"

"Of course not."

"And didn't you take a pleasant walk  
down Broadway? Nor sit at the parlor  
window with Effie? How about that?"

There was no reply.

"Now, the case is a very plain one,"  
continued Mr. Thornton. "In fact, nothing  
could be plainer. You spend from  
fourteen to sixteen hours in hard work,  
while Effie, taking yesterday as a sam-  
ple, spends about the same time in what  
is a little better than idleness. Suppose  
a new adjustment were to take place,  
and Effie were to be usefully employed  
in helping you eight hours of each day,  
she would still have eight hours left for  
self-improvement and recreation; and  
you, relieved from your present over-  
tasked condition, might get back a por-  
tion of your health and spirits, of which  
these two heavy household duties have  
robbed you."

"Father," said Effie, speaking through  
her tears that were falling over her face,  
"I never saw things in this light. Why  
haven't you talked to me before? I've  
often felt as if I'd like to help her; she  
says, that 'You can't do it,' I'd rather  
do it myself. Indeed, it isn't all my  
fault!"

"It may not have been in the past,  
Effie," replied Mr. Thornton. "But it  
certainly will be in the future, unless  
there is a new arrangement of things.  
It is a false social sentiment that lets  
daughters become idlers, while mothers,  
fathers and sons take up the daily bur-  
den of work and bear it through all the  
business hours."

Mrs. Thornton did not come grace-  
fully into the new order of things proposed  
by her husband and accepted by Effie.  
False pride in her daughter, that effu-  
sary ideal, and an inclination to do her-  
self, than take the trouble to teach  
another, were all so many impediments.  
But Effie and her father were both ear-  
nest, and it was not long before the over-  
tasked mother's weary face began to  
lose its look of weariness, and her lan-  
guid frame to come to an erect bearing.  
She could find time for the old pleasure  
in books, now and then for a healthy  
walk in the streets, and a call on some  
valued friend.

And was Effie the worse for this  
change? Did the burden she was shar-  
ing with her mother depress her should-  
ers, and take the lightness from her  
step? Not so. The languor engendered  
by sickness which had begun to show it-  
self, disappeared in a few weeks; the

## color came warmer into her cheeks; her

eyes gained in brightness. She was  
growing in fact more beautiful, for her  
mind cheerfully conscious of duty was  
moulding every lineament of her coun-  
tenance into a new expression.

Did self-improvement stop? O, no!  
From one to two hours were given to  
close practice at the piano each day.  
Her mind, becoming vigorous in tone,  
instead of enervated by idleness, chose a  
better order of reading than had been in-  
dulged before, and she was growing to-  
wards a thoughtful, cultivated, intelli-  
gent womanhood. She also found time,  
amid her home duties, for an hour twice  
a week with a German teacher; and she  
began, also, to cultivate a natural taste  
for drawing. Now that she was employ-  
ing her hours usefully, it seemed wonder-  
ful how much time she found at her dis-  
posal for useful work.

## FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT.

Franklin. Eh! O! eh! What have  
I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Many things; you have ate  
and drunk too freely, and too much in-  
dulged these legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin. What is it that accuses  
me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the gout.

Franklin. What! my enemy in per-  
son?

Gout. No, not your enemy.

Franklin. I repeat it, my enemy:  
for you would not only torment my body  
to death, but ruin my good name. You  
reproach me as a glutton and tippler;  
now, all the world that knows me will  
allow that I am neither the one nor the  
other.

Gout. The world may think as it  
pleases: it is always very complaisant  
to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but  
I very well know that the quantity of  
meat and drink proper for a man who  
takes a reasonable degree of exercise  
would be too much for another, who never  
takes any.

Franklin. I take—Eh! O!—as much  
exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout.  
You know my sedentary state, and on  
that account, it would seem, Madam  
Gout, as if you might spare me a little,  
seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

Gout. Not a jot! your rhetoric and  
your politeness are thrown away; your  
apology avails nothing. If your situa-  
tion in life is a sedentary one, your  
amusements, your recreations, at least,  
should be active. But let us examine  
your course of life. While the mornings  
are long, and you have leisure to go  
abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of  
gaining an appetite for breakfast by salu-  
tary exercise, you amuse yourself with  
books, pamphlets, or newspapers; you  
eat an inordinate breakfast; immediately  
afterwards you sit down to write at  
your desk, or converse on business.  
Thus the time passes till one, without  
any kind of bodily exercise. What is  
your practice after dinner? To be fixed  
down to chess, for two or three hours!

What can be expected from such a course  
of living, but a body replete with stag-  
nant humors, ready to fall a prey to all  
kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the  
gout, did not occasionally bring you re-  
lief by agitating these humors, and so  
purifying or dissipating them? Fie,  
then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my in-  
structions I had almost forgot to admin-  
ister my wholesome corrections: so take  
that twinge,—and that!

Franklin. O! eh! O!—O-o-o-o! As  
much instruction as you please, Madam  
Gout, and as many reproaches, but pray,  
madam, a truce with your corrections!

Gout. No sir; no! I will not abate  
a particle of what is so much for your  
good,—therefore—

Franklin. O! eh! eh!—It is not  
fair to say I take no exercise, when I do  
very often, going out to dine, and re-  
turning in my carriage.

Gout. That, of all imaginary exer-  
cise, is the most slight and insignificant,  
if you allude to the motion of a carriage  
suspended on springs. By observing the  
degree of heat obtained by different kinds  
of motion, we may form an estimate of  
the quantity of exercise given by each.  
Thus, for example, if you turn out to  
walk in winter with cold feet, in an  
hour's time you will be in a glow all  
over; ride on horseback, the same effect  
will scarcely be perceived by four hours'  
round trotting; but if you loiter in a car-  
riage, such as you have mentioned, you  
may travel all day, and gladly enter the  
last inn to warm your feet by a fire.

Flatter yourself, then, no longer, that  
half an hour's airing in your carriage de-  
serves the name of exercise. Providence  
has appointed few to roll in carriages,  
while he has given to all a pair of legs,  
which are machines infinitely more com-  
modious and servicable.

Franklin. Your reasonings grow  
very tiresome.

Gout. I stand corrected. I will be  
silent, and continue my office; take that,  
and that!

Franklin. O! O-o! Talk on, I pray  
you!

Gout. No, no; I have a good number  
of things for you to-night, and you may  
be sure of some more to-morrow.

Franklin. What, with such a fever!  
I shall go distracted. O! eh! Can no

## one bear it for me?

Gout. Ask that of your horses; they  
have served you faithfully.

Franklin. How can you so cruelly  
sport with my torments?

Gout. Sport! I am very serious. I  
have here a list of your offences against  
your own health distinctly written, and  
can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

Franklin. Read it, then.

Gout. It is too long a detail; but I  
will briefly mention some particulars.

Franklin. Proceed; I am all atten-  
tion.

Gout. Do you remember how often  
you have promised yourself, the follow-  
ing morning, a walk in the grove of  
Boulogne, or in your own garden, and  
have violated your promise, alleging, at  
one time, it was too cold, at another,  
too warm, too windy, too moist, or what  
else you pleased; when, in truth, it was  
no more than—by you: insuperable  
love of ease?

Franklin. That, I confess, may have  
happened occasionally, probably ten times  
in a year.

Gout. Your confession is very short of  
the truth; the gross amount is one hun-  
dred and ninety-nine times.

Franklin. Is it possible?

Gout. So possible that it is fact; you  
may rely on the accuracy of my state-  
ment. You know Mr. B.'s gardens, and  
what fine walks